BRITISH HUMOR.

Silly "Limericks" That Are Amusing London Magazine Readers.

The Englishman takes his humor with becoming seriousness, says a writer in the Rochester Post-Express. The reader may remember the stage Englishman in "On the Quiet," who thought that Americans were "silly asses" because they tried so hard to be funny. "Why is a can tied to a dog's tail like death?" asked one of the Americans in the play of the phlegmatic duke. "Why?" vacantly responded the nobleman. "Because it's bound to occur," replied the American youth. "Silly ass!" commented the nobleman.

But, silly as the joke undeniably is, it is irresistibly funny compared with some of the humor perpetrated by English newspapers and British comedians. For instance, Great Britain is just now interested in an amusing form of rhyme known as the "limerick," and nearly all the humorous and semihumorous papers are conducting prize contests. Recently a London paper offered a cash prize of $300 for the best "limerick" contributed by a native son or daughter. Here is the rhyme that won the money:

A jolly old party named Joe
Said, "To Margate I'm off for a blow."
His wife sent him a wire,
Which made him perspire,
Which when "read" (red) made him "white" and "yell oh!" (yellow).

Isn't this the quintessence of mirth provoking wit? Isn't it irresistible? There's no mistaking the nub of the "limerick." He who runs as he reads can grasp the prankish humor of it. That is one of the most enjoyable features of a British joke. No one ever loses the point unless he is blind, deaf and dumb. The English humorist, not content with evolving a scampish witticism, obligingly explains it, printing each particular pun in parentheses. It is an admirable custom and spares the reader any undue cerebral exercise.

Another popular form of amusement in the British isles is the prize couplet contests conducted by the British press. The newspapers print the first line of an unfinished couplet, which the reader must complete. Recently the hebdomadal Tit-Bits offered a prize for the best line to complete the couplet beginning "Why did the tramp run away from the gate?" Some of the answers received were:

'Twas bad "stile" (style), "of-fence"-ive and "wicket" (wicked) to wait,
Because he was "cow"-ed by a "bull"-dog frate.
Cause a "bolt" is far better than a "catch" any date,
'Twas a "bolt" from the "blue"—that is, P. C. F8 (fate).

Another prize line was "Why did Pierrot peer at the pier?" Among the 6,000 replies received the following lines received a reward of $25 each:

To see the one tripper that came down this year.
He "pine(d) for its "boards," though his "pitch" was so near.
He'd sung, "Hallce, where hart thou?" She'd answered, "Hup 'ere."
He was thinking, "This (s)tar to that pitch will adhere."
A "flat" with "A" sharp-er he'd C-een to B near.

A careful perusal of these popular gems will show what a fearful and wonderful thing is British humor. Our English cousins have a light and graceful touch in appealing to the risibilities, and they leave nothing to the imagination. That is where the British humorists are superior to their American rivals in the concoction of fun.

The Sixth Finger.

"Dr. E. T." devotes considerable space in the Frankfurter Zeitung to the discussion of the question "Did Raphael put six fingers on the right hand of the pope in his work known as 'The Sistine Madonna?'" The contention was made by Dr. Hoche of Freiburg, and the letters which have been written on the subject nearly all dwell upon the point that the error of the artist is forgotten when one considers that no one of the thousands of people who have seen the painting at Dresden has spoken of the monstrosity. It appears, however, that the learned Freiburg professor "discovered something that did not exist. At a distance the outstretched hand of the kneeling pope looks as though there were two fifth or little fingers, but a closer inspection shows that Raphael's knowledge of human anatomy was not at fault, for the additional, superfluous finger is merely a shadow."

New to Stirrups.

An eight-year-old, who has spent all his short life in the city and numbered roller skates, tricycles and toy autos among his accustomed playthings, passed a Sunday on a farm a short distance away. During the afternoon a small saddle was hunted up and one of the horses pressed into service. The boy was enjoying his first horseback ride, and after he had been walked up and down the barnyard a few times he asked his father, who was leading the horse, to make him run a bit. The father complied. Suddenly the boy called out:

"Oh, stop, papa, stop! I've lost one of my pedals!"—New York Sun.

Protecting His Magazines.

"While waiting at the doctor's the other day I picked up a magazine from his table to pass the time," said the man who observes things. "All through the book on nearly every other page was stamped his name, and it so irritated me that I spoke to him about it.

"'If I didn't fill that magazine up with my name,' he said, 'it wouldn't last ten minutes in this place. Somebody would be sure to carry it away. Even as it is, I lose one every little while.'"—New York Press.

The Boss.

"All right," said Elsie, "we'll play theater. I'll be the boss."

"No," replied Tommy, "I will. It takes a man to be manager."

"Of course, that's all right. I mean I'll be the leading lady."—Kansas City Independent.

A healthy manner of play is necessary to a healthy manner of work.—Ruskin.

Mixed.

Earnest Female—Professor, I hear you are a great ornithologist. Professor—I am an ornithologist, madam. Earnest Female—Then could you kindly tell me the botanical name for a whale?—Punch.

His Protest.

The milk dealer fined for selling a watered article protested. "Why," he exclaimed indignantly, "if I didn't water the milk half of my customers wouldn't get any."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The attitude of unhappiness is not only painful; it is mean and ugly.—James.

MERMAIDS OF LEGEND

Sea Women That Were Vouched For by Ancient Writers.

ORIGIN OF THE DELUSION.

These Traditional Creatures Were Probably Dugongs and Manatees. Seal Maidens of Fable—Mermaids of Fiction and the Seal of Fact.

There is a decided fascination about the mermaids of legend. Considering their traditional form, it does not seem quite certain whether they can be included among the fair "humanities" of old religion, but it would be extremely interesting to see one. In all seriousness the truths and poetry underlying and inherent in the old myths are well worth attention, but apart from these there is something distinctly entertaining in the quasi-historical accounts that we have of mermaids and the heroic attempts at rationalistic explanation. The fancy has taken firmer hold on popular imagination than many of the old legends. Of course they are recognized as nonexistent; but, unlike the majority of mythological beings, they are invested colloquially with a sort of humorous reality.

A "History of the Netherlands" gives a circumstantial account of a great tempest which washed ashore near Haarlem a "sea woman" as she was swimming about. She was captured and cleansed from the "sea moss that had grown about her" and became a humanized creature, except that she was always trying to escape into the water. And it is added, "Many persons worthy of credit have justified in their writings that they had seene her in the said towne of Haarlem." In the sixteenth century off Ceylon some sailors captured "seven mermen and mermaids," several priests and physicians testifying to the fact and the latter leaving it on record that after examination and dissection they found the external and internal structures resembled those of human beings. Hudson, the famous navigator, declared that his ship's company had seen a mermaid, the upper part of her body like a woman, skin very white and long black hair. An old Iceland history tells of one near Greenland, "the neck and head in all respects like a human being." The Norwegian Bishop Pontippidan, who wrote in the eighteenth century, "records the appearance of a mermaid which was deposed to on oath by the observers." And not to multiply quotations proving the belief even of the learned in the actual existence of the mermaids, Pliny asserts authoritatively that "as for the meremaidens it is no fabulous tale that goeth of them, for looke how painters draw them, so thay are indeed."

It seems hard after all these weighty testimonies that we should be assured that the "historical" mermaids were only dugongs or manatees, seals or sea lions, especially as some of these interesting creatures measure some eighteen feet in length and are by no means attractive in appearance. Something in the shape of the head and the breast is relied on by the rationalistic scientists as explaining the delusion, but one is at a loss to understand how this can account for the circumstantial descriptions that have come down to us. Coevals of those old writers have proved to us by their paintings that they held very much the same views as to what constitutes feminine beauty as we have, and we should certainly not discover in the dugong or manatee anything whatever to suggest in the very faintest degree the idea of a pretty woman. Yet there is generally the implication of comeliness in the verbal pictures the old writers give of their mermaids, though Columbus, who reported that he had seen two or three, admitted that he saw no beauty in them. The seal explanation perhaps does the least violence to one's traditional ideas, as, whatever may be thought of its resemblance to a woman, it is in itself graceful and its face and eyes are pleasing.

There is, at any rate, a rather suggestive coincidence in the view that the mermaid of fiction is the seal of fact, for closely allied if not identical with mermaids were the "seal maidens" of a thousand fables. The accepted tradition was that these maidens assumed the form of seals, which they could relinquish at any moment by divesting themselves of the sealskins. Only if while they were disporting themselves in quasi human guise their seal integuments were stolen or hidden they would have to remain as "maidens" and could not resume the form of seals. We know on the authority of many a song and legend that willingly or unwillingly a man has been

"married to a mermaid
At the bottom of the deep blue sea,"

but in the case of the fortunate purloiner of a seal maiden's "troublesome disguise" there was no need for a submarine descent. She could quite comfortably live on land and, indeed, had to unless she found her sealskin again, though always longing, like the mermaid of Haarlem, to become a sea dweller once more. There is therefore unquestionably a certain poetic propriety in the scientific identification of the mermaid with the seal.—London Globe.

Her Helpful Hint.

The honeymoon had waned, and the cupboard was bare.

"Don't worry, Mabel," said the romantic husband as he opened the piano. "Remember music is the food of love."

But the practical little wife shook her head.

"If you really think music is the food of love," she responded, "perhaps you'll step round and get the butcher to give you a beefsteak for a mere song."—London Answers.

New York Life.

The life of New York seems a tragic matchiehe, a religious can-can, the maddest blend in all Christendom of common sense and lunacy, dignity and folly, poetry and a furious pogrom against everything that makes for beauty.—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

Telling Tales.

Unsophisticated Visitor (trying to use the telephone)—Kitty, what do you say when you take this thing off the hook? Little Girl—Papa always says, "Darn you, central, you've given me the wrong number!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Domestic Debate.

"What kept Mrs. Clubleigh at home?"

"A discussion of the servant girl question."

"With her club?"

"No; with her girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A MILLION A YEAR.

The Man Who Is Paid the Highest Salary In the World.

He is a short, sturdy man, about fifty-two years of age, rather bald and as plainly undecorative in appearance as the general manager of a great railroad system. He commands what is said to be the highest salary paid any man in the world.

No, he is not a life insurance president. A $100,000 life insurance president would have to work nearly ten years for the salary that this man earns in twelve months. In one year he receives as much as the United States government has paid all told to Messrs. Roosevelt, McKinley and Cleveland for their services as chief executives. Yet this man, whose yearly pay equals that of a score of presidents, may walk any day from his employers' offices in the Empire building at 71 Broadway to his spacious 200 foot yacht waiting for him at the Battery and never receive a glance of recognition other than from casual acquaintances. The yacht, manned by a crew of thirty, carries him to his country home at Gloucester, Mass., and out of business hours he may amuse himself with any one of his several speedy autos, each of a price to buy a home for the usual wage earner. On the door of the office he has left there is only the name "Mr. Hammond."

John Hays Hammond is the most famous mining expert and the highest paid American living. He knows all mining countries so well that he can pick the one paying proposition out of a thousand that would look good to the average person. The man with the proposition seldom has to unroll his maps before he has his answer.

Mr. Hammond does the bulk of his work through a corps of experts, who go to all parts of the world to examine properties. When one is reported on favorably by successive groups, each higher than the first, then the decision reaches the last court, which is Hammond. He goes to the place in his private car, if possible, and looks the property over. He reports in hardly more than a word, "Yes" or "No." The word of no other man today, not even of Edison, can marshal so many millions to what must essentially be a gambling proposition. This eminence he has won through a long series of tips that have been wonderfully accurate.

The glaring publicity of salary, of dollars and cents, is distasteful to him. But the gauge of dollars and cents is only another way of saying that a safe prophet in the professions is a rarity that comes high, and nowhere quite so high as in the person of John Hays Hammond.—Broadway Magazine.

A Greek and the King.

Some months ago the king of England received at his palace of Sandringham the king of Greece, who was accompanied by one of his young aids-de-camp. As Edward VII. was doing the honors, exhibiting his gallery, and his guest was admiring a bust of a young woman, the charming work of the sculptor, Thornycroft, the king was much surprised at an explosion of sobs. It was the young captain who was weeping and who excused himself in these words: "Will your majesty pardon me? This bust is the perfect image of a sister whom I loved most tenderly. It recalls to me a loss, alas, never to be forgotten."

"In that case," responded the king, greatly moved, "permit me to offer it to you."

And through the care of Sir Francis Knollys the marble was transported to the apartment of this sorrowing brother.

Time passed. The young captain returned to London. Quite recently he visited the admirable collection of the Duke of Cambridge and recognized with renewed sorrow in a canvas of Burne-Jones the features of the angel he had lost.

The duke perhaps would have had the same generosity as King Edward, but some one was present who had witnessed the scene at Sandringham. So the ingenious Greek did not this time carry away any family portrait to his country.—Le Cri de Paris.

The Perfect Gossip.

Can any one suggest an idea for a new book—a book about which nothing has ever been written? I can. I suggest "A Guide to Gossiping" or "The Etiquette of Gossip." The thing has never yet been done. Here is the opportunity for a new fine art! Since we must naturally talk about our neighbors, why not study how to do so fitly and finely instead of shyly and pettily? When "The Perfect Gossip" does issue from the press it will contain some advice quite easy to anticipate. Its first page will forbid prying, depreciation, malice and mockery. It will recommend the cultivation of charity and a sense of humor, the study of character and of grateful and unexaggerated expression. Criticism it may tolerate as a wholesome social influence, but criticism will itself be criticised and discredited at the least suspicion of haste or harshness.—London Answers.

A Nighttime Job.

Booker T. Washington says that in the early history of the institution of which he is the head he decided to use a deserted henhouse of considerable size as a recitation room. While on the way with some students to clean it he was stopped by an old colored man, who in a friendly manner asked:

"Whar you goin'?"

We told him the nature of our errand.

"See here, boss," said he, with impressive earnestness, "you sho' gwine ter git into trouble. It am contrary to the habits of people hereabouts to clean out chicken houses in the daytime."

A Royal Martyr to Etiquette.

In Spain the etiquette to be observed in the royal palaces was carried to such length as to make martyrs of their kings. There is a historic instance. Philip III. was gravely seated by the fire. The firemaker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his grandeur would not suffer him to rise from the chair. The domestics could not presume to enter the apartment because it was against the etiquette. At length the Marquis do Totat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires, but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which the Duc d'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out. The fire burned fiercer, and the king endured it rather than derogate from his dignity. But his blood was heated to such a degree that he was seriously ill the next day. A violent fever succeeded, which carried him off in the twenty-fourth year of his age.—London Standard.

THE EARTH'S INTERIOR

Our Planet's Core Is Liquid, Yet It's as Rigid as Steel.

UNDER ENORMOUS PRESSURE

Neither Rock Nor Metal Could Remain There In the State In Which We See It on the Surface—The Lava That Breaks Through the Earth's Crust.

The idea that the interior of the globe is composed of flowing lava has long since been abandoned, but the picture that modern science offers of the inside of the earth is hardly less appalling. All investigations unite to prove that the heat increases as we descend deeper in the terrestrial crust at such a rate that forty or fifty miles down no substance with which we are acquainted could remain unmelted. And yet the same science tells us that the core of the globe is enormously more rigid than the hardest steel. This apparent contradiction is due to the tremendous pressure inside the earth. No rock and no metal can remain there in the state in which we see it on the surface. Its molecules must lose the adherence characteristic of solid bodies in consequence of the heat, but still they are not free to flow like an ordinary liquid, because of the compression to which they are subjected.

The phenomena of earthquakes have given wonderful information about the internal state of the globe. All observations show that the shocks of earthquakes are confined to a thin upper shell. They originate at a depth of only a few miles at the most. But the vibrations which they set going are felt all through the earth, often extending to the antipodes. The great core, held rigid by the pressure, is extremely elastic, and it responds to a shock like a ball of steel or of glass. The density of the earth increases toward the center. It is only in the upper part of the crust that local movements can take place, causing shocks and changes of level at the surface. Deeper down everything is gripped and immovable, except, as already remarked, that the molecules of the rocks and metals there are subject to vibration like those of a bell against which a blow is struck.

But this is not all. Whenever a local release from the pressure is brought about by changes near the surface the potentially liquid but effectually solid core at that point may suddenly become fluid and gush forth through a volcanic throat or other vent. But such effects cannot extend to any great depth. Nothing comes to us from the vast interior mass. That remains a perpetual mystery, far beyond the searching hand of science. Indirectly, however, we may learn much about it. Astronomical considerations throw a great deal of light upon the subject. We see that through the planetary system rotating globes are flattened at the poles. The same thing is true of the earth. Its equator bulges; its polar regions are drawn inward. Mechanical laws assure us that the cause is to be found in the fact that the earth and the other planets have assumed shape under the influence of the centrifugal force of their rotation. That force is necessarily greatest at the equator. Beginning as completed molten bodies, they have commenced to solidify at the surface after having assumed an ellipsoidal form due to their rotation.

Another very significant fact is that the shape of the earth corresponds with that which a globe rotating with its velocity would have if composed of materials arranged to their density—that is to say, growing denser toward the center. The heaviest materials must be deep down in the globe; the lighter materials have remained at the surface. This again corresponds with the facts of observation. We know the total "weight" and the average density of the earth. It "weighs" six sextillions of tons, and its average density is five and a half times that of water. But the substances composing the crust of the earth have an average density of twice that of water. It follows that the heaviest things in the earth, on the average, exist deep within its exterior. For all that we can tell, its inner core may be wholly metallic. At the center there is probably an enormous aggregation of dense metallic substances.

An indication that the inner parts of the earth consist largely if not mainly of iron is to be found in the magnetism of the globe. The earth is a great permanent magnet. If we could learn the facts it might turn out that iron is the most abundant substance in the solar system and perhaps in the whole universe. The majority of the meteorites that fall upon the earth consist of solid iron. Blow the earth to pieces and in the resulting cloud of fragments the rocks that we are familiar with would be almost imperceptible. There would be a rain of iron and other metals descending upon the moon and upon any other attracting body in the vicinity.

This view of the interior of the globe disposes of the notion, so picturesquely developed in one of Jules Verne's romances, of the existence of vast cavernous openings in the interior of the earth. Such void spaces, though on no large scale, may exist in the upper part of the crust, but not at a great depth. The earth is effectively more solid than a cannon ball, and the movable rocks composing its crust are like a film of rust on the hard metal.—Professor Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

Not Business.

Two highland farmers met on their way to church.

"Man," said Donald, "I wass wonderin' what you will be askin' for yon bit sheep over at your steadin'?"

"Man," replied Dougal, "I wass thinkin' I wad be wantin 50 shullin's for that sheep."

"I will tak' it at that," said Donald, "but, och, man, Dougal, I am awful surprised at you doing business on the Sawbath."

"Business!" exclaimed Dougal. "Man, sellin' a sheep like that for 50 shullin's is not business at all. It's just charity."—Dundee Advertiser.

He Had the Name.

She had gone up the scales once, and then she had gone down the scales. Then she had done the same thing over again, after which some one asked:

"In what school of music were you taught?"

Thereupon some one else interrupted in an undertone:

"Judging by the speed, I should say it was a riding school."

And there were many present who deemed the sentiment a good one.

NEW YORK, PHILA. & NORFOLK R.R.

Train Schedule in Effect July 21, 1907.

South-Bound Trains.

	47	49	43	45
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
New York	7 30	9 00	12 15	12 30
Philadelphia	10 00	11 22	7 45	3 00
Wilmington	10 38	12 32	8 52	3 44
Baltimore	9 00	7 50	6 35	1 35
Delmar	1 25	3 01	11 55	6 48
Salisbury	1 36	3 10	12 10	7 00
Cape Charles	4 00	6 05	4 00	
Old Point Comfort	6 00	8 00	6 00	
Exposition Pier	6 20	8 20	6 20	
Norfolk (arrive)	7 10	9 05	7 10	
	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.

North-Bound Trains.

	48	50	40	46
Leave	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m
Norfolk	7 20	5 30		7 20
Exposition Pier	7 55	6 00		7 55
Old Point Comfort	8 15	6 30		8 15
Cape Charles	10 30	9 15		11 00
Salisbury	12 52	12 37	7 00	3 25
Delmar	1 12	12 50	7 20	3 45
	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m
Arrive				
Wilmington	3 49	4 15	10 17	7 14
Philadelphia	4 33	5 18	11 00	8 00
Baltimore	5 22	6 01	11 35	9 19
New York	7 00	8 00	1 15	10 30
	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.

Trains Nos. 49 and 50 will stop at all stations on Sunday for local passengers, on signal or notice to conductor.

H. W. COOKE, Traffic Manager.
J. G. RODGERS, Superintendent.